NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIV. No. 17. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, AUGUST 23, 1889. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

A RACE FOR LIFE.—A GRAVEL TRAIN RUNS AWAY FROM THE ADVANCING FLOOD.

DANIEL PERITON'S RIDE.

BY ALBION W. TOURGEE.

All day long the river flowed,
Down by the winding mountain road,
Leaping and roaring in angry mood,
At stubborn rocks in its way that stood;
Sullen the gleam of its rippled crest,
Dark was the foam on its yellow breast:
The dripping banks on either side
But half imprisoned the turgid tide.
By farm and village it quickly sped—
The weeping skies bent low overhead—
Foaming and rushing and tumbling down
Into the streets of pent Johnstown—
Down through the valley of Conemaugh,
Down from the dam of shale and straw,
To the granite bridge, where its waters pour,
Through the arches wide, with a dismal roar.

All day long the pitiful tide,
Babbled of death on the mountain side;
And all day long with jest and sigh,
They who were doomed that day to die,
Turned deafened ears to the warning roar
They had heard so oft and despised before,
Yet women trembled—the mothers eyes
Turned oft to the lowering, woful skies—
And shuddered to think what might befall
Should the flood burst over the earthen wall.
So all day long they went up and down,
Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

And all day long in the chilly gloom
Of a thrifty merchant's counting-room,
O'er the ledger bent with anxious care
Old Periton's only son and heir,—
A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,
Counting debit and credit the highest truth,
And profit and loss a more honored game
Than searching for laurels or fighting for fame,
He saw the dark tide as it swept by the door,
But heeded it not till his task was o'er;
Then saddled his horse—a black-pointed bay,
High-stepping, high-blooded—grandson of Dismay—
Raw-boned and deep-chested—his eyes full of fire—
The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire—
Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,
And lean, bony head—his dam gave him these—
The foal of a racer transformed to a cob
For the son of the merchant when out of a job.
"Now I'll see," said Dan Periton mounting the bay,
"What danger there is of the dam giving way!"
A marvellous sight young Periton saw
When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.

Seventy feet from the crumbling crest
To the rock on which the foundations rest!
Seventy feet fell the ceaseless flow
Into the boiling gulf below!
Dan Periton's cheek grew pale with fear,
As the echoes fell on his startled ear,
And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide,
That hung on the rifted mountain-side,
Held by that heap of shale and straw
O'er the swarming valley of Conemaugh!
The raw-boned bay with quivering ears
Displayed a brute's instinctive fears,
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,
Seized on the curb, and turned to fly!

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,
Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him his head,
And down the steep valley they clattering sped.
Then the horse showed his breeding—the close gripping knees
Felt the strong shoulders working with unflagging ease
As mile after mile, 'neath the high-blooded bay,
The steep mountain turnpike flew backward away,
While with outstretched neck he went galloping down
With the message of warning to perilled Johnstown,
Past farmhouse and village, while shrilly outrang,
O'er the river's deep roar and the hoof's iron clang,
His gallant young rider's premonitant shout,
"Fly! Fly to the hills! The waters are out!"

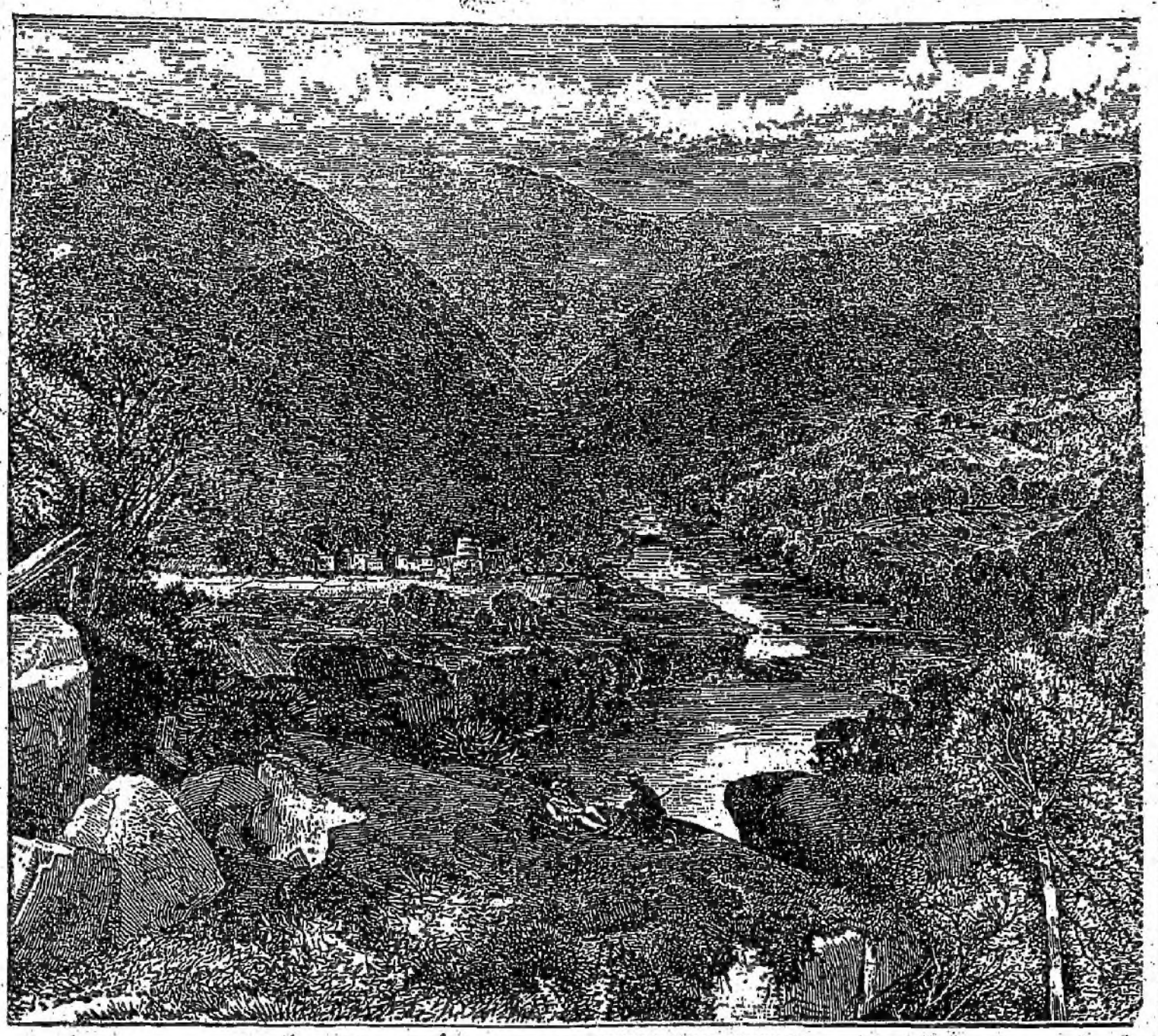
Past Mineral Point there came such a roar
As never had shaken those mountains before!
Dan urged the good horse then with word and caress:
'Twould be his last race, what mattered distress?
A mile farther on and behind him he spied
The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!
Then he plied whip and spur and redoubled the shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! The waters are out!"
Thus horseman and flood-tide came racing it down,
The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Seventy feet the water fell
With a roar like the angry ocean's swell!
Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry:
The blood ran off from his good steed's side;
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;
His hair felt the touch of the ogre's breath;
The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of death:
Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and droop—
He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!
But clear over all rang his last warning shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!"
Then the tide reared its head and leaped vengefully down
On the horse and his rider in fated Johnstown!

That horse was a hero, so poets still say,
That brought the good news of the treaty to Aix:
And the steed is immortal, which carried Revere,
Through the echoing night with his message of fear;
And the one that bore Sheridan into the fray,
From Winchester town, "twenty miles away";
But none of these merits a nobler lay
Than young Daniel Periton's raw-boned bay
That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,
With the tide that rushed through the dam of straw,
Roaring and rushing and tearing down
On the fated thousands in doomed Johnstown!
In the very track of the ogre's swoop,
With Dan in the saddle and Death on the croup
The foam of his nostrils flew back on the wind,
And mixed with the foam of the billow behind.

A terrible vision the morrow saw
In the desolate valley of Conemaugh!
The river had shrunk to its narrow bed,
But its way was choked with the heaped-up dead
'Gainst the granite bridge with its arches four
Lay the wreck of a city that delves no more:
And under it all, so the searchers say,
Stood the sprawling limbs of a gallant bay,
Stiff-cased in the drift of Conemaugh.
A goodlier statue man never saw—
Dan's foot in the stirrup, his hand on the rein!
So shall they live in white marble again;
And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the group,
Of the race that he ran while Death sat on the croup.

—*N. Y. Independent.*



NEAR BOLIVAR, IN THE CONEMAUGH VALLEY.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

BY W. H. SMALL.

Have a family library. This does not mean a vast collection of books—"the slow accretions of a couple of centuries, or perhaps the mushroom growth from a rich man's grave,—a great collection magically convoked by the talisman of gold." A single book, carefully chosen and in a place of its own, is a library. In this day of cheap books, there is no excuse for parents who feed the body but not the mind. Get a few books, printed on fair paper and plainly bound. Have a shelf or shelves for them, if need be, in the chimney corner, and then let the boys browse at will among them. The more books you can afford to have, the greater chance of attracting their attention. *Little things may* shape their reading. Dr. Johnson, when a child, hunted in the library for an apple which he supposed was concealed there, and in his search took down a volume of Petrarch. He was attracted by it, opened it, commenced to read, and forgot the apple. Dr. J. W. Alexander was attracted by a set of British classics in his father's library, and used to take them down, first to look at the pictures, then to read, and finally to study. This shaped his whole life. Webster and Whittier had less to go to than almost any parents can furnish their boys to-day at a trifling cost. Webster says: "We had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing;" while Whittier in his "Snow-Bound," gives us his few sources of knowledge:—

"The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and re-read our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score,
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry (or good or bad)
A single book was all we had."

Miss Alcott has told us how she wandered around Emerson's library, until "the new and very interesting book was found," or until he said, "Try this, and if you like it come again."

SEARCHING FOR SALVATION.

BY MISS A. N. BUDDEN.

As I went to a village near by to see a family which I hope will soon be numbered among the Christians of India, I met a leper woman, whose attire showed that she was a pilgrim, carrying some fire to cook her food. I stopped, and asked her where she was going. She said: "To the dhurrum saler" (namely, a stone house with several small compartments without door or window, which government or some rich native has erected at convenient distances to accommodate travellers). I asked her why she did not go to the Leper Asylum, and her horror both shocked and amused me. "Oh! never! never! Don't speak of such a thing!" "Why?" "Oh, no! never! never! Why, there Brahmins and low-caste people all live together, and drink the same water? I would die before I went there!" "Who are you?" I asked. "A Brahmin; and though God has smitten me for this life, I have carefully preserved my caste, so that he may have mercy on me in the next. I have never eaten from any one's hands, and have spent fifteen years wandering from shrine to shrine, that he may grant me salvation." "Have you found it?" I asked. "No," she said; "I am not saved. There is no peace in my heart; but I will seek it as long as I live, and he may have mercy on me."

My heart ached for her. I went on to the place I had engaged to visit; but the thought of this poor weary heart and body remained with me all that evening and the next day, so that in the afternoon I went out to look for her.

I found her where I expected, and she was much surprised to see me. I sat down on a stone, and began talking to her. I found she had been to eight or nine places of pilgrimage, even Badrinath and Kidarnath; and for fifteen long years had dragged her poor sick body about in search of the medicine for her soul.

Her longing for "mooktee" (salvation) is such as I have never seen in any one. "How can I find it?" she asks. "There is not a greater sinner living than I am. It seems to me sometimes that God will never hear me, and that I am too bad to be saved." I told her of the love of God, and his sending his Son to die for us, and she said: "Oh, if it were only true!" She is utterly uneducated, but has naturally an intelligent mind; and in her long lonely wanderings has evidently thought out many things.

She said: "Sometimes I hope that my sufferings will atone for my sins. You will be saved by your meritorious acts, and I by my sufferings." Poor thing! I had to knock this prop from under her feet, and she looked hopelessly at me as I explained that anything I could do for others was only giving God back his own, just as if I borrowed a cooking-vessel from her and then returned it, which would only be her right, and no gift on my part; and that as our sins were such that we deserved hell-fire, no suffering on earth could be all that was merited for them. She saw this clearly, and again I told her of Him who had paid our debt by bearing our suffering, and she looked incredulous but longingly.

Many things she said I shall never forget, such as: "Sometimes I think God has forgotten me; at others, it seems as if I were too bad for him to listen to me, and he even will not let me die. Why, once I was nearly drowned in the Ganges. All my things floated away; and if I had died then, it might have been salvation, but some one came and pulled me out. All last winter there was cholera in Lahooghat, and I stayed there that I might die. But no! it carried off numbers, and left me. This summer I heard it was here, and I came here; and when I heard it had entered any house, I went and sat down near the door, that it might seize me also. But no; many, many have died, and still I live!"

And she said all this sadly and wonderingly, but not complainingly. I told her of the Father's love, and that perhaps he had brought her here and spared her life just that she might be saved first and then die happy; for Jesus could give her salvation, and then take her to heaven. I told her my heart ached for her loneliness and sickness, and then, in the same quiet way she spoke of these, she said: "Water! water is my great trouble. I will drink from none but Brahmin wells, and those I cannot touch; so I sometimes go with my vessels and sit there for hours before any one will pour water into them for me. I can beg a little food, and the people give me that; but when I ask for water, it bothers them, and they give it with words of abuse [this is because they often have to bring this a distance for themselves]. I have to cook for myself, and my hands are painful; but who will cook for me? So I often stay hungry. I eat dry bread because I have nothing to eat with it. They give me a little flour, but who would give me vegetables? I have constant fever, and many sleepless nights, and then I pray God to take my life quickly; but, then, what is there beyond? Will it be any better?"

Poor, poor woman! I told her of the comfort of prayer; but she said: "God maybe hears you, but he does not come near such sinners as I am." She is still here, and I have not only seen her several times, but one of our native Christian women visits her four times a week, and, beginning with the story of the fall, is teaching her now of the birth and life of the Saviour. She says she must leave for the winter, because she would die in the snow; but promises to come back next summer, if still living. My heart yearns to bring her to the Saviour, but I realize my utter helplessness. She looks with a longing in her eyes, and then seems to feel, "Who knows! It may be, or it may not." and then goes back to her old thoughts.

I have written this short account that some hearts may be prompted to pray that the Lord will have mercy on her, and draw her to himself. She understands everything she is taught, and surprised me the other day by a most circumstantial account of the fall. I saw conviction dawning on her face when I tried to prove to her that caste was an invention of man, because God had created all nations, and he had instituted caste in no other, so he could not think it of much importance.

I know not how it will come,—by a slow dawning of the truth, and a gradual conviction that God loves her, after all, and Jesus will save her, or by a sudden flash of light which will reveal it all; but saved, I feel sure, she will be, to the praise and glory of her Redeemer. Oh, that it might be soon, for she is so sad and so lonely!—*Sunday-School Times.*

RESULTS OF BIRD SLAUGHTER.

The wholesale slaughter of birds in the name of fashion is having a most remarkable effect in France. Hitherto that country has been a favorite summer home of the swallows, which each year came over from Africa, where they had spent the winter, in countless hosts. Their plumage being in great demand for milliners' uses, a few years ago a plan was devised for killing them by thousands without injuring their skins or feathers. Huge systems of electric wires, heavily charged, were stretched along the southern coast, particularly about the mouths of the Rhone where the birds arrived in greatest numbers. Wearied by their long flight across the Mediterranean, the swallows eagerly alighted on the wires to rest, and were instantly struck dead. At last, however, they have learned wisdom, and are this year, not only avoiding the deadly wires, but are shunning the shores of France and directing their flight to more hospitable lands. Meantime, there is a great increase in the number of gnats and other insects on which they were accustomed to feed, and the Zoological Society has warned the Government that a serious calamity is impending.—*Exchange.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 8.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.—1 Sam. 20: 1-13.

COMMIT VERSES 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov. 18: 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

True friendship with God and with man is full of blessing and power.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 18: 1-18.
T. 1 Sam. 19: 1-21.
W. 1 Sam. 20: 1-13.
Th. 1 Sam. 20: 14-42.
F. Ps. 27: 1-14.
Sa. John 15: 1-17.
Su. Ps. 91: 1-16.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. From Naioth, "the cluster of cottages," probably the dwellings of Samuel's school of the prophets. 3. *Thy father knoweth*, etc.: David was sure that Saul was intending to kill him. 5. *The new moon:* a feast was usually held on the first day of each month which began with the new moon. It was celebrated by a sacrificial feast and the blowing of trumpets (Num. 10: 10; 28: 11-15). *Third day:* the feast probably continued two days. 6. *Yearly sacrifice:* probably like the one at which David was anointed. (See Lesson 8.) This was not perfect truth, but the Bible only states the fact, and does not approve it. Moreover we must judge of the guilt by the light of those days, not by ours. 11. *Come let us go out*, etc.: The story of David's escape is told in the latter part of the chapter.

SUBJECT: THE FRIENDSHIP OF JONATHAN AND DAVID.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE ORIGIN OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP.—Who was Jonathan? What was the occasion of his friendship with David? (18: 1.) Had he probably known him before this? (16: 19-23.) What qualities do you find in David that would call out Jonathan's love? What noble qualities do you find in Jonathan? (14: 1-14; 20: 4, 14-17; 2 Sam. 1: 23, 26, 27.) Can there be truest friendship without worth on both sides? Can there be real friendship among bad men? Why not? What is the difference between friendship, and the love we are commanded *to feel toward all men*?

II. THE TRIAL OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP (vs. 1-13).—Where did David live after his victory over Goliath? (18: 2.) How was he regarded by the people? (18: 6, 7.) How did Saul feel toward him? (18: 8, 9, 12.) What did he try to do to him? (18: 11.) How did David act under these trying circumstances? (18: 14.) Why did Saul feel so envious toward David? *Is envy a mean feeling?* Does it make its possessor very unhappy? To what sin does it lead? How may envy be overcome? (1 Pet. 2: 1-3; Gal. 5: 22; Rom. 5: 5; 12: 21.) What new victory did David gain? (19: 8.) Were these victories as great as those David gained over his own spirit? (Prov. 16: 32.) Relate the story of David's escape from Saul. (19: 9-17.) Where did he go? (v. 1; 19: 18.) Why did he leave Ramah? (v. 1; 19: 19-24.) How did Jonathan help David? Tell the story of the plan for David's escape. (20: 18-41.) What did Jonathan sacrifice for David's sake? (20: 30, 31.) How did they cement their friendship? (vs. 8, 42.) What qualities do you find in this friendship?

III. THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.—What description is given of the friendship of Jonathan and David? (18: 1, 3; 20: 17; 2 Sam. 1: 26.) Does such friendship make us better? In what way? Do we grow to be like our friends? Why? Is friendship full of happiness and cheer? How should we show our friendship? Is true friendship always unselfish? Why should we be very careful about forming intimate friendships? Are many ruined by bad companions? How should we treat such people? Can one go familiarly in bad company and not be injured?

IV. THE BEST OF ALL FRIENDSHIPS.—Who will be our best friend? (John 15: 15.) What must we do to have Jesus *for our friend*? (John 15: 13, 14.) Did Jesus love any persons more than others? (John 11: 5; 21: 20.) Were they more loving than others? Is there any difference between Jesus' love for his disciples and his love for the world? How has Jesus shown his love? (John 15: 13.) How should we show our friendship to him? (Matt. 25: 40.) Will love of Jesus make us grow more like him? (Acts 4: 13.) Why is Jesus the best of all *friends*? How will friendship with him prepare us for heaven?

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 15.

DAVID SPARING SAUL.—1 Sam. 24: 4-17.

COMMIT VERSES 11-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12: 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The only way to overcome evil is with good.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 21; Ps. 59.
T. 1 Sam. 22; Ps. 52.
W. 1 Sam. 23; Ps. 34.
Th. 1 Sam. 24; Ps. 57.
F. 1 Sam. 25; Ps. 142.
Sa. 1 Sam. 26; Ps. 34.
Su. 1 Sam. 27; Ps. 56.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Saul, with 3,000 chosen men, was pursuing after David. He came into the entrance of the cave of Engedi, where David was hidden with his men; while he was asleep, David, refusing to kill him, merely cut off a part of his royal robe. 4. *Skirt:* the hem, perhaps the golden fringe. 5. *David's heart smote him:* for treating with indignity his king. 7. *Stayed his servants:* who wished to kill Saul. This opportunity was a great temptation to David. By killing Saul he would save his own life, escape persecution, become king. He had to resist not only his own feelings, but the persuasions of his companions. 8. *Bowed himself:* in reverence to his king. 10. *Thine eyes have seen:* David's sparing Saul refuted the slanders spoken against him by such as Doeg (22: 9-11), and Cush. (See title to Ps. 7: 13. *Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked*, as bad fruit from a bad tree. From David came good to Saul; therefore Saul could not see that he was wicked.

SUBJECT: OVERCOMING EVIL WITH GOOD.

QUESTIONS.

I. SEVEN YEARS OF EXILE, WORKING GOOD FOR DAVID.—Give the date of David's exile. State the main points of this seven years of his life. Trace out his journeys on the map. Where did David go first when he fled from Saul? (21: 1). What falsehood did his danger lead him to tell? What was one of the consequences of it? (21: 9-15.) Do evil consequences always flow from sin? How large a band came to David? (22: 2; 27: 2.) What kind of men were many of them? (22: 2.) What prominent persons joined him? (22: 5, 22, 23; 26: 6. 1 Chron. 12: 1-14.) What effect did the exile have on David? How would it help him to be a good king? In what ways do trials and hard times help us? What are some of the Psalms David wrote at this time? (See *Daily Readings.*)

II. THE BATTLE WITH TEMPTATION (vs. 4).—What called Saul away from his pursuit of David? (23: 27, 28.) What did *he do on his return*? (v. 2.) How many men had he? How did he learn where David was? (v. 1; 23: 19.) Why is tale-bearing mean? Where was David? What kind of a region was it? How did Saul put himself in David's power? What did David's men urge him to do? (v. 10.) What was the temptation to do it? Why was it wrong? Why does God allow us to be tempted? (James 1: 2, 3, 12; 1 Pet. 1: 7.)

III. THE VICTORY OVER SELF (vs. 4-7). Did David resist the temptation? What did he do? With what object? Why was he sorry *for it*? What reasons did David give for not killing Saul? (vs. 6, 12, 15.) Was this wise as well as right? Is the right always wise? How may we overcome temptation? (Matt. 26: 41. 1 Cor. 10: 13. Heb. 2: 18.) What did Solomon say of such a victory as his father here gained? (Prov. 16: 32.)

IV. THE VICTORY OVER OTHERS (vs. 8-17). How did David make himself known to Saul? How did he prove his good intentions? What proverb did he quote? How did it apply? In whose hands did David leave his cause? What was the effect upon Saul? Was this sorrow true repentance? What did Solomon say about this act of David's. (Prov. 15: 1.)

V. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What petition in the Lord's prayer applies to this lesson? What does Christ say about our treatment of enemies? (Matt. 5: 43-45.) What course did Paul advise? (Rom. 12: 17-21.) How does this method heap coals of fire on their heads? Will it succeed if we do it for that purpose? Can evil be overcome by evil? Why not? How is it overcome by good?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Our early life is a school to train us for life's work.

II. Our whole life is a school to prepare us for the heavenly kingdom.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1889.)

1. July 7.—Samuel called of God.—1 Sam 3: 1-14.
2. July 14.—The Sorrowful death of Eli.—1 Sam. 4: 1-18.
3. July 21.—Samuel the Reformer.—1 Sam. 7: 1-12.
4. July 28.—Israel asking for a king.—1 Sam. 8: 4-20.
5. Aug. 4.—Saul Chosen of the Lord.—1 Sam. 9: 15-27.
6. Aug. 11.—Samuel's Farewell Address.—1 Sam. 12: 1-15.
7. Aug. 18.—Saul Rejected by the Lord.—1 Sam. 15: 10-23.
8. Aug. 25.—The *Anointing of David.*—1 Sam. 16: 1-13.
9. Sept. 1.—David and Goliath.—1 Sam. 17: 32-51.
10. **Sept. 8.—David and Jonathan.—1 Sam. 20: 1-13.**
11. **Sept. 15.—David Sparing Saul.—1 Sam. 24: 4-17.**
12. Sept. 22.—Death of Saul and his Sons.—1 Sam. 31: 1-13.
13. Sept. 29.—Review and Temperance.—1 Sam. 25: 23-31 and 35-38.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

DELICIOUS DRIED APPLES.

Notwithstanding all the recipes of the multitudinous cook-books, and "Household Departments," for lemon-meringue pies, with never a hint as to the proper manipulation of the homely dried apple, there will be many homes where the latter are most frequent, either from necessity or choice. We have eaten dried apple-pie, as well as compote, before whose excellence the best meringue ever made quite paled in our estimation, so suppose we consider how to make them not only palatable but delicious.

The first use to make of dried apples is to stew them rightly. This doesn't mean covering them with water and then letting them boil at a gallop until their last state is worse than their first. The saucepan used is an element of success too. It should be granite, or porcelain-lined ware, in preference even to earthen pipkins. Cover the well-washed fruit with cold water, letting the water rise an inch above them, and place over a moderate fire where they will come to a boil slowly; add enough of the thin yellow rind of a lemon to flavor them nicely, and let them cook very slowly until soft, but not broken (if for a sauce). Sweeten ten minutes before removing from the fire.

A nice change is to cook two sliced lemons with, say a pound of apples, or half a pound of raisins. If you want to use them for a pie, you may add two eggs to either of the above sauces, and fill pie-plates lined with paste with the mixture. Put strips of paste across the top, and if you will make them not very sweet, and eat hot with sugar and butter, or a very little cream, just see if they are not good.

Another way is to press the sauce (without raisins) through a sieve, and add one beaten egg for each dish. You may add only the yolk if you like to make a meringue of the white, omitting the top crust.

Apple pudding: Stew the dried apples as above, omitting the eggs, and substituting dried orange peel for the lemon. Have ready an equal quantity of dried bread soaked in water, and beaten with a fork until free from lumps. To a pint of this add two beaten eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Butter a pudding dish, and fill it with alternate layers of bread and apple, letting the first and last be of the bread. Bake covered, three-quarters of an hour; remove the cover and brown. Good with cream and sugar, or any kind of simple sauce or fruit syrup, and just as healthful as it is good.—*Exchange.*

ECONOMICS.

Economics is defined by Webster as management without loss or waste; prudence, and a disposition to save. There is a depth of meaning in this four-syllabled word which neither Webster, nor any other man, I was tempted to say, has ever fathomed, for it requires that sort of tact more natural to women to excel in this virtue. It is a trait well admired by sensible people, many of whom have not the courage to practise it themselves, lest the virtue, economy, be mistaken for frugality, or even perhaps for the vice of parsimony. It is right, it is true and Christlike to be careful that the fragments are saved; and even people who have an abundance should see that nothing of value is thrown to waste.

Let economy be united with tact, and the woman who possesses these qualities will be a worker of wonders, of household miracles. In her, Solomon's description of the virtuous woman will be fulfilled, and "the heart of her husband may safely trust in her, for she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." We will suppose this husband is earning but a small income, for these thoughts are intended not so much for those who practice economy as a virtue as for those with whom it is a necessity. The small amount of money placed at the wife's disposal must be prudently spent; every cent must do its best. Still we notice that she and her children appear to be as well dressed as many others who spend money more freely. It is not so much poverty that makes the forlorn, uncouth looking creatures that we meet upon the streets the wretches that they appear to be, as it is wickedness, idleness, and the inability to use to the best advantage what little they possess.

But how does she manage to appear so well? In just this way. She buys none but good materials, not the richest, but those strong in color and texture; woollen fabrics that will wear like iron, and as long as there is a piece remaining it can be utilized for a neat little dress, or if of a bright color, for the trimming of a dress or for a hood. In cotton goods she buys those that will wash and keep a bright appearance until the cloth is worn out. Every garment is used with care, and every thing not needed at present is laid away with prophetic carefulness, sure to be just the thing wanted, and as good as cash, at some future time.

And her bonnets! that is what puzzles us, for when she was a girl, and scarce knew a want, she thought herself dependent upon the milliner for even the arranging of a ribbon; but effort and determination with the aid of an inborn taste have brought it all about. She feels a decided antipathy for things shoddy or cheap-looking, and buys good ribbons and soft straws. With a little that is new each season, and the carefully preserved old in new combinations, and a stylish frame as a foundation, she is equipped. There is sometimes a little re-sewing of straw to alter a shape, or the fitting of a soft straw over a new frame, and she even finds that by being obliged to use materials already on hand, the result often shows more originality and taste than if she had been allowed to select material from those worn by everybody else.

She must also be economical in her housekeeping, know how to cook just enough, to prepare the occasionally necessary warmed up dish so that it shall be a treat, and to make every day feasts of plain wholesome materials.

Perhaps the thing that an ambitious woman learns last to save is her own strength, but it is a lesson necessary to her success.

Altogether, her economy is so cheerful, so hearty, and so well balanced, that it has quite the appearance of thrift and plenty, and is counted to her as a virtue and a credit.—*Christian at Work.*

MISCHIEVOUS BABIES

Are a great care to the mother who is cook, housemaid, sewing woman and nurse all at once, and where to put them for safety is a great problem. For my creeping children, I had made a sort of little table, with outward-sloping legs mounted on casters. The top of the table was twenty-two inches square. One half the top was movable, attached by a pivot. In the centre of the table was a hole just large enough to admit the baby below the arms. When in this, the six-months-old baby could travel as fast as any of the older children. There was no danger of burnt fingers or other hurts, for the table projected two or three inches beyond the little fingers. A slight rim around the edge sufficed to keep toys in reaching distance. Care was taken not to allow the child to become tired. There were no bad results from the use, but I think he would have walked alone sooner without it, as he was a year old before he would attempt to walk where he could not touch his fingers. A better contrivance, because two children can be secured at once, is to have a large dry goods box mounted on casters. Remove the nails projecting on the inside, and pad the sides with old comforts or cotton batting; cover with cretonne or furniture calico. If two or three six-inch-square windows are left in it, it becomes a veritable doll house, and few children will refuse to go into it. However, it must be always understood that it is a house for good children. If the child is put there for punishment it will never be thought a nice house again. One woman utilized the half of a sugar hogshead to keep two lively youngsters out of harm's way.

Any of these arrangements saves the mother a great deal of worry and the child a great deal of suffering. Every large city daily has accounts of more or less little children scalded or bruised or burned, falling from windows or drinking lye or other poisons that nobody thought the child would touch. I am acquainted with a woman, now nearly sixty years old, who has never been able to either speak or hear since the time she toddled out where her mother was making soap and drank some strong lye.—*Selected*

SUGGESTIONS FOR FAIRS.

A valuable suggestion for fairs is found in a recent issue of the *Wide Awake*. It may help some distracted managers of those charitable enterprises if we quote from this article:

"Our tables were real kitchen tables from our homes, and they had oil-cloth, and red table-covers on them. Then, because our corner was rather dark, and we wanted to catch everybody's attention, we bought a great lot of cheap tins and hung them against the wall. Our mothers lent us some good ones, and would you believe Mr. Agnew sold them all at the auction the last night!

"We all dressed in print frocks, and white aprons tied around our waists, and wore colored caps, and four of us were always on duty, and with the tins and the bright dusters and things festooned around it was the prettiest booth in the room; everybody, men and all, bought of us.

"We had all sorts of things needed by house-keepers, but the thing that sold right off, and for which we took ever so many orders, was 'The After-Dinner Set.' It wasn't dishes, but towels. Six tea towels, of them two for glass, two dish-cloths, a mop, and an iron-chain concern to clean out pots and pans. 'The Kitchen Set' sold almost as well, but it was larger, for it contained all the things I have mentioned, and also two scrub-cloths, one for the paint and one for floors; and a duster and an iron-holder, and two roller towels, as well as a holder for the stove. Five of these sets were bought for wedding presents. The dusters sold like magic.

"But we had lovely sweeping caps too, and kitchen aprons, and sewing-aprons, and shoe-bags, and bags for clothes-pins, and ironing-cloths, and waste paper, and for soiled clothes; and rag bags, and net ones for cauliflower and squashes, and pudding bags, but these weren't net, of course, and bags, and bags, and bags."

ADVICE TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

Mothers, tell Bible stories to your little ones as they gather around you in the early evening—nothing interests them more. In the dear old homestead of my childhood how well I remember our pleasure in listening to our mother when she told us of Moses and Joseph and Noah, and about the Ark. Her vivid imagination furnished the many "perhaps" and "it may be," which added greatly to the interest. Bible stories, more than any other instruction, impress the young mind with the lessons of God's boundless love and his overruling hand and wonder-working Providence. Early teach your child that simple and inimitable "Now I lay me." I once heard a little girl of twenty months lisp this verse after her mother—she was robed for the night, her little hands were clasped together. Even though she understood not the meaning, it was a beginning in the right direction. God listens and hears.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try."

As your children grow older, teach them hymns suited to their ages, the Lord's Prayer should daily be repeated by them, the Ten Commandments should early be committed to memory, as well as the wonderful Sermon on the Mount, and the twenty-third Psalm. But all this instruction, excellent as it is, will surely fail in producing best results unless your children see in your daily lives a Christlike, patient, loving spirit.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

RECIPES.

POTATO SANDWICHES.—These may be made from any kind of cold fresh meat, but preferably of beef. Fry slices of beef, rather thinly cut, in butter; they must be gently done, and not too dry. Cover one side of each slice with well-mashed potatoes, free from lumps, a quarter of an inch in thickness, egg and bread-crumbs over; then proceed in the same way with the other side. With a sharp knife trim them into pieces of equal size and shape, square or three-cornered. Fry them in hot fat a light brown color and serve.

STUFFED BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Take one small, light roll for each person, and remove every particle of crumb. Have ready a cupful of cold cooked and minced poultry, game, or even veal with a trifle of minced ham mixed with it; melt in a stewpan a little butter; stir in a dessert spoonful of flour; add a gill of milk or cream, and the minced meat. Stir until very hot; fill the rolls with this and lay over the top the little piece which you have cut off in order to remove the crumb; set in a warm oven, and serve garnished with parsley.

CREAM CELERY.—Soups are served on many tables whatever the weather may be, so we add a recipe that we have always called "cream celery," but it well deserves the name nonpareil. Make first a rich beef broth, or stock, of three pounds of lean beef, simmered slowly for three hours, in three quarts of water, adding one large spoonful of salt. Put into cold water as we wish to extract the juices. Now strain out the meat and into the clear broth which will have been reduced one-half, put one bunch or four large stalks of nice celery cut up in inch lengths, the green and the white stalks. Cover and cook slowly for two hours or more, then strain all through a fine sieve. Now return the soup to the kettle and add a dash of white pepper and salt to the taste. Stir into this broth one quart of cream, and also three large spoonfuls of corn-starch, blended in a little cold milk. Simmer ten minutes longer, stirring frequently, then remove from the fire, and stir in one cup of cold cream. This last cup of cream is an important item. It is then ready to serve and the quantity is sufficient for twelve people. It is one of the finest soups to those who are fond of celery, and gives one ample satisfaction for the time and care required to make it.

A FEW DESSERTS.

There are few desserts more acceptable than oranges, cut up and sugared, and chilled for a couple of hours in the refrigerator. Some add to it grated or dessicated cocoanut, but as strawberries and raspberries cannot be improved by cooking, so good oranges cannot be improved by adding anything besides sugar, especially so indigestible a thing as cocoanut.

Stale sponge-cake, soaked in melted jelly, and a rich custard made of the yolks of eggs, poured over it, and the whites beaten to a froth, and poured over all, makes a light and agreeable warm day dessert.

Rhubarb pies are greatly improved if an egg is added to the large cup of sugar that should be allowed to each pie. Stewed rhubarb is a relish much liked, cooked in a covered dish in the oven, with a piece of butter, plenty of sugar, but no water.

Tapioca and sago make good cold desserts, combined with berries or fruit. Oranges cut up small and stirred into one cup of tapioca that has boiled clear, and been sweetened, are an attractive dish. Served with sugar and cream, raspberries, peaches, strawberries and cherries make a variety of the same dish.—*Exchange.*

PUZZLES—NO. 17.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A sister of David whose sons (and his nephews) he declared to be "too hard for him."
2. That which was placed in a bed instead of a man; which, in a king's dream was made of gold, silver, brass, iron and clay, and which three Jewish youths were called upon to worship.
3. The governor of a wicked king's house, who secretly kept the Lord's prophets from starvation.
4. The author of one of the books of the Bible who was a king's cupbearer.
5. The initials form a part of Jerusalem called "the city of David." In a figurative sense it is constantly spoken of in the Psalms and prophecies; and is contrasted with Sinai in a chapter of Hebrews.

SQUARE NO. 1.

1. To snatch. 2. A shaving implement. 3. A color. 4. Full of regret. 5. Does prey.

SQUARE NO. 2.

My first and last, she may be reckoned
A girl that's very gay,
My third you'll find is like my second
The time when children play.

PERCY PRIOR.

SQUARE NO. 3.

1. To stumble. 2. Uncommon. 3. A metal. 4. Shut up.

NEW BEGINNER.

ENIGMA.

I'm in bitter and in sweet,
I'm in hardy and in heat,
I'm in coffee and in meat,
I'm in labor and in love,
I'm in peacock and in dove,
I'm in drowsy and in frown,
I'm in dying and in drown,
I'm in driven and in ride,
I'm in ocean and in tide,
I'm in wither and in live,
I'm in stingy and in give.
I'm in sinew and in bone,
I'm in merry and in lone,
I'm in tempest and in tear,
I'm in hearty and in hear.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Thanks to Fred Dainty and others for nice letters. Lists of answers came from Fred Dainty, Sammie T. Thompson, Isa H. Merriam.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 16.

DECAPITATIONS.—Stray, tray, ray, ay.

SQUARE NO 1.—

S T R A W
T H E M E
R E B U S
A M U S E
W E S E R

SQUARE NO. 2.—

C E A S E
E R R O R
A R E N A
S O N G S
E R A S E

SQUARE NO. 3.—

C A R A T
A B O V E
R O P E S
A V E R T
T E S T S

BIBLE QUESTIONS.—1. Og (Deut. 3:11). 2. Benaiah (I Chron. 11:22). 3. Eagle (Ezek. 17:15). 4. Transgression and iniquity (Job 14:17). 5. A soft tongue (Prov. 25:15). 6. Inhabitants of Gibeon (Josh. 9:5). 7. Deut. 7:8. 8. Tobiah the Ammonite (Neh. 4:3).

The Family Circle.

LADDIE.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

The early November dusk was coming on before she set out on her pilgrimage again, the darkness coming all the earlier for the fog and the London smoke; and then, hardly caring which way she went, she turned her face eastward, not knowing that she was making for the very heart of London. The streets were even more crowded and confusing than they had been in the morning, and the gas and the lighted shops, and the noise, and her own weariness, combined to increase her bewilderment.

Once as she passed round the corner of a quieter street, someone ran up against her and nearly threw her down; a lady, the old woman would have described her, smartly, even handsomely dressed, with a bright color on her cheeks, and glowing, restless, unhappy eyes, and dry, feverish lips. She spoke a hasty word of apology, and then, all at once, gave a sharp, sudden cry, and put her hands on the old woman's shoulders, and looked eagerly into her face. Then she pushed her away with a painful, little laugh. "I thought you were my mother," she said.

"No, I never had no gals."

"You're in luck then," the girl said; "thank heaven for it."

"Was your mother, maybe, from the country?"

"Yes, she lived in Somersetshire; but I don't even know that she's alive, and I think she must be dead—I hope she is—I hope it."

There was something in the girl's voice that told of more bitter despair than her words, and the old woman put out her hand and laid it on the girl's velvet sleeve.

"My dear," she said, "maybe I could help you."

"Help!" was the answer. "I'm past that. There! good-night, don't trouble your kind head about me."

And then the old woman went on again, getting into narrow, darker streets, with fewer shops, and people of a rougher, poorer class. But it would overtax your patience and my powers to describe the old woman's wanderings in the maze of London. Enough to say, that when, an hour or two later, footsore and ready to drop, she stumbled along a little street near Soho Square, a woman, with a baby in her arms, uttered a loud cry of pleased recognition, and darted out to stop her.

"Why, it ain't never you! Whoever would have thought of seeing you so soon? and however did you find me out? This is my house. Why, there!—there! dontee cry sure! dontee now! You're tired out. Come in and have a cup of tea. I've got the kettle boiling all ready, for my Harry'll be in soon."

It was the young woman she travelled with the day before—only the day before, though it seemed months to look back to; only her face was bright and happy now, in spite of the fog and dirt about her, for had not her Harry a home and welcome for her, in spite of all her fears and people's evil prophecies, and was not this enough to make sunshine through the rainiest day?

CHAPTER V.

Eighteen months have passed away since my story began, and it is no longer dull, foggy November, but May, beautiful even in London, where the squares and parks are green and fresh, and the lilacs and laburnums in bloom, and the girls sell lilies of the valley and wallflowers in the streets, and trucks with double stocks and narcissus, "all a-growing and a-blowing" pass along, leaving a sweet reviving scent behind them. The sky is blue, with great soft masses of cotton-wool cloud, and the air is balmy and pure in spite of smoke and dirt, and sweet Spring is making his power felt, even in the very midst of London. It is blossoming time in the heart as well as in the Kentish apple-orchards, and the heart cannot help feeling gay and singing its happy little song even through its cares, like the poor larks in the Seven Dials' bird-shops ruffling their soft breasts and knocking their poor brown heads against their cages in their ecstasy of song.

Dr. Carter had good cause for happiness that day, though, indeed, he was moving among sickness and suffering in a great London hospital. He had some lilies in his coat that Violet fastened there with her own hands, and as she did so he had whispered, "Only another week, Violet," for their wedding-day was fixed in the next week,—and was not that a thought that suited well with the lovely May weather, to make him carry a glad heart under the lilies? The wedding had been long delayed from one cause and another, but principally because the search for the old mother had been altogether fruitless, in spite of the confidence of the police.

"We will find her first," Violet would say; "we must find her, Laddie." She adopted the old name quite naturally. "And then we will talk of the wedding."

But time rolled on, days, weeks, and months, till at last it was more than a year ago that she had gone, and though they never gave up the hope of finding her, or their efforts to do so, still it no longer seemed to stand between them and give a reason for putting off the marriage, but rather to draw them nearer together, and give a reason for marrying at once. But on Dr. Carter's writing-table always stood the pair of pattens, much to the surprise of patients; but he would not have them moved, and in his heart lay the pain and regret, side by side with his love and happiness.

The doctors were making their rounds in the hospital with a crowd of medical students about them. There was a very interesting case in the accident ward, over which much time was spent, and much attention paid. I am not doctor enough to describe what the nature of the case was, and if I were, I daresay you would not care to hear; but it was a very interesting case to the doctors and nurses, and that means that life and death were fighting over that bed, and science bringing every reinforcement in its power in aid of the poor battered fortress that the grim king was attacking so severely. An easy victory on either one side or the other is very uninteresting to lookers-on, though of the deepest moment to the patient. And so the doctors passed on, with hardly a word, by the two next beds; in one of which life was the conqueror, hanging out his flags of triumph in a tinge of color on the cheeks, brightness in the eyes, and vigor in the limbs; in the other, death was as plainly to be seen in the still form and white, drawn face.

After the doctors and students had passed by and finished their round, Dr. Carter came back alone to No. 20. He had taken deep interest in the case, and had something to say further about it to the nurse. He was a great favorite with the nurses, from his courteous, gentle manners, so they were not disposed to regard his second visit as a troublesome, fidgety intrusion, as they might have done with some. He had not been quite pleased with the way in which a dresser had placed a bandage, and he altered it himself with those strong, tender fingers of his, and was just going off better satisfied when he found the flowers had dropped from his coat. If they had not been Violet's gift it would not have mattered, but he did not like to lose what she had given, and he looked about for them. They had fallen by some quick movement of his own on to the next bed, where death was having an easy victory.

The old woman's arms were stretched outside the bed-clothes, and one of her hands, hard-worked hands, with the veins standing up on the backs like cord, had closed, perhaps involuntarily, on the flowers, the lilies and the dainty green leaf.

"Here they are, sir," said the nurse; "they must have dropped as you turned round." And she tried to draw them from the woman's hand, but it only closed the tighter. "She doesn't know a bit what she's about. Leave go of the flowers, there's a good woman," she said close to her ear; "the gentleman wants them."

But the hand still held them.

"Well, never mind!" Dr. Carter said, with just a shade of vexation; "let her keep them. It does not matter, and you will only break them if you try to get them away."

"She's not been conscious since they brought her in," the nurse said; "it's a street accident, knocked down by an omnibus. We don't know her name, or nothing, and no one's been to ask about her."

The doctor still stopped, looking at the lilies in the old hand.

"She is badly hurt," he said.

The nurse explained what the house surgeon had said: "Another day will see an end of it. I thought she would have died this morning when I first came on, she was restless then, and talked a little. I fancy she's Scotch, for I heard her say 'Laddie' several times."

The word seemed to catch the otherwise unconscious ear, for the old woman turned her head on the pillow, and said feebly, "Laddie."

And then, all at once, the doctor gave a cry that startled all the patients in the ward, and made many a one lift up her head to see the cause of such a cry.

"Mother!" he cried, "mother, is it you?"

Dr. Carter was kneeling by the bed, looking eagerly, wildly, at the wan white face. Was he mad? The nurse thought he must be, and this a sudden frenzy. And then he called again—

"Mother, mother, speak to me!"

A childless mother near said afterwards she thought such a cry would have called her back from the dead, and it almost seemed to do so in this case, for the closed lids trembled and raised themselves a very little, and the drawn mouth moved into the ghost of a smile, and she said—

"Eh, Laddie, here I be."

And then the nurse came nearer to reason with the madman.

"There is some mistake," she said; "this is quite a poor old woman."

And then he got up and looked at her, she said afterwards, "like my lord duke, as proud as anything."

"Yes," he said, "and she is my mother. I will make arrangements at once for her removal to my house if she can bear it."

Ah! that was the question, and it wanted little examination or experience to tell that the old woman was past moving. The nurse, bewildered and still incredulous, persuaded him not to attempt it, and instead, her bed was moved into a small ward off the large one, where she could be left alone.

Love is stronger than death, many waters cannot drown it. Yes, but it cannot turn back those cold waters of death, when the soul has once entered them, and so Dr. Carter found that with all his love and with all his skill he could only smooth, and that but very little, the steep, stony road down into Jordan.

He got a nurse to attend specially upon her, but he would not leave her, and the nurse said it was not much good her being there, for he smoothed her pillows, and raised her head, and damped her lips, and fanned her with untiring patience and tenderness. Once when he had his arm under her head, raising it, she opened her eyes wide, and looked at him.

"Ah! Laddie," she said, "I'm a bit tired with my journey. It's a longish way from Sunnybrook."

"Did you come from there?"

"Yes, sure, I've never been such a long way before, and I'm tired out."

"Why didn't you write?" he asked presently, when she opened her eyes again.

"I wanted to give you a surprise," she said, "and I knew as you'd be glad to see me at any time as I liked to come."

And then it dawned on him that the past eighteen months had been blotted clean out of her memory, and that she thought she had just arrived. Then she dozed, and then again spoke, "And so this is your house, Laddie? and mighty fine it be!" looking round on the bare hospital room; "and I'm that comfortable if I wasn't so tired, but I'll be getting up when I'm rested a bit. But it do me good to see you when I opens my eyes. I've been thinking all the way how pleased you'd be." All this she said a word or two at a time, and very low and weakly, so that only a son's ear could have heard.

As the evening came on she fell asleep very quietly, such a sleep as, if hope had been possible, might have given hope. Dr. Carter left the nurse watching her and went away, got a hansom and offered the man double fare to take him to Harley street as fast as possible. Violet had just come in from a flower-show, and looked a flower herself, with her sweet face and dainty dress.

"I have found her," Laddie said; "Come." And she came without asking a question, only knowing from Laddie's face that there was sorrow as well as joy in the finding.

"She is dying," he said, as they went up the hospital stairs together. "Can you bear it?"

She only answered by a pressure of her hand on his arm, and they went on to the quiet room. There was a shaded light burning, and the nurse sitting by the bedside.

"She has not stirred, sir, since you left." But even as she spoke, the old woman moved, and opened her eyes, looking first at Laddie and then on Violet.

"Who is it?" she asked.

And then Violet knelt down with her sweet face close to the old woman's and said very softly, "Mother, I am Laddie's sweetheart."

"Laddie's sweetheart;" she echoed; "he's over young to be wed—but there! I forgot. He's been a good son, my dear, always good to his old mother, and he'll be a good husband. And you'll make him a good wife, my dear, won't you? God bless you."

And then her trembling hand was feeling for something, and Laddie guessed her wish, and put his own hand and Violet's into it; two young hands, full of life and health and pulsation, under the old, worn, hard-worked hand, growing cold and weak with death.

"God bless you, dears, Laddie and his sweetheart. But I'm a bit tired just now."

And then she dozed again, and the two sat by in the dim quiet room, drawn closer together and dearer to each other than they ever had been before, in the presence of the Great Angel of Death who was so near the old mother now. And very, tenderly he did his work that night! Only a sigh and then a sudden hush, during which the listeners' pulses throbbed in their ears, as they listened for the next long-drawn, painful, difficult breath that did not come, and then the weary limbs relaxed into the utter repose and stillness of rest after labor, for the night had come when no man can work—the holy starlit night of death, with the silver streaks of the great dawn of the Resurrection shining in the east.

For a moment they sat spell-bound, and then it was Laddie, he who had so often seen death face to face, who gave way, throwing himself on the bed with an exceeding bitter cry. "Oh mother, mother, say you forgive me!"

What need for words? Did he not know that she forgave him? If indeed she knew that she had anything to forgive. But she was "a bit tired."

Don't you know when bedtime comes, and the nurse calls the children, how sometimes they leave their toys, which a few minutes before seemed all in all to them, without a look, and the cake unfinished, and are carried off with their heads bent down, and their eyes heavy with sleep, too tired even to say good-night, or speak a pretty, lisping word of the play-time past, or the pleasures coming in the morning? And so it is often with us, bigger children; when the nurse Death calls us at our bedtime, we are "a bit tired," and glad to go, too sleepy even for thought or farewell.

They laid her by the old master in Sunnybrook churchyard, and the village folks talked long afterwards of the funeral, and how Dr. Carter, "he as used to be called Laddie," followed her to the grave "along with the pretty young lady as he was going to marry, and, bless my heart! wouldn't the poor old soul have felt proud if she could have seen 'em? But she's better where she is, where there ain't no buryin' and no pride neither."

THE END.

MAN turns natural food into his nature, but spiritual food turns man into its nature.

A VISIT TO THE SAVAGES OF FORMOSA.

(By A. Hancock, of the Chinese Customs Service.)

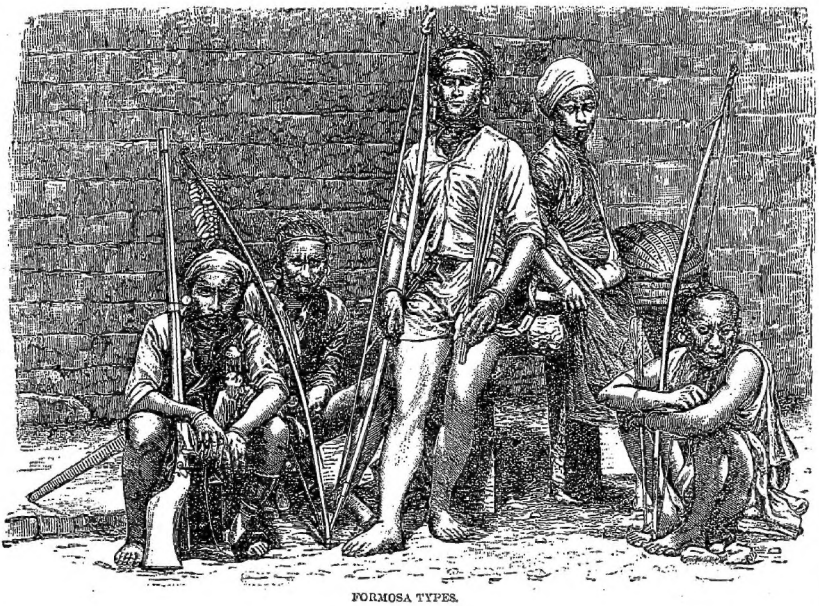
Often when walking over the Tamsui mountains I looked in the direction of the lofty forest-clad ranges of the aborigines, a mysterious and unknown region. From various sources I learned the following facts: first, that some of the savages come out to the border to barter with the Chinese; secondly, that in consequence of the encroachments of the latter on the edges of the forest, seeking camphor-wood, &c., encounters frequently take place, or rather that the Chinese, when engaged in cutting down the trees, are surprised by their wary antagonists and killed, their heads being cut off and carried away as trophies; thirdly, that these acts are not always done by the savages of the particular place where they occur, but by others brought from a distance for the purpose; and, fourthly, that anyone entering the forests and coming upon the savages without previous warning would almost certainly be killed. These particulars were not specially encouraging to one desirous of exploring their fastnesses; however, I decided to endeavor to get a look at them at some bartering place, and thus perhaps gain additional information regarding their habits and customs.

On the 10th of February, 1882, I started from Tamsui, steaming ten miles up the river to Banka, where I proceeded to purchase such articles as I thought might find most favor as presents. From Banka I went south and crossed the plain till I entered the mountains at Sintiam.

Ferrying over the rapids, I traversed a stony tract of waste land, which is submerged in heavy floods, and then crossed the river again, and, ascending a hill five hundred feet high, devoted entirely to tea, dropped down into a small semi-circular shut-in valley, and put up at the village of Kochu.

My object now was to find a Chinese go-between, and induce him to bring out some of the natives for me to see. Having found him it was arranged that he should bring out some savages and I would give them a feast of pig and samshu (their special fancy) at the bartering-house by the river. My friend forthwith changed his clothes and put on a stripped tunic of savage cloth, tied on a huge knife, and threw round his neck a gay arrangement of colored beads, from which hung shot and powder pouches and all the necessary paraphernalia for the long-barreled matchlock which he had taken down from its rest on the wall. He was now transformed into a typical "Hawk-eye," and having lit his fuse, he sallied forth, passed over the mountain by a winding path, and disappeared. This was in the morning.

At about half-past five in the afternoon there was a cry from the door of the cottage, where I had remained, "They are coming!" and on going out I beheld three men and a girl slowly ascending the path from the river. "Hawk-eye" having preceded them laid aside his gun. As they entered I bade them sit down. Two of the men were old—one was a chief; the girl might have been about twenty. As to their dress, it was pretty much the same. The men wore a long piece of cloth like bed-ticking, which was suspended from the shoulders and simply tied in a knot and left open in front. Round the waist was a girdle of blue material, also tied in a knot in front. Their legs were entirely bare. On the head was a curious close-fitting bowl of wickerwork of dark color, resembling an inverted slop-basin. Their hair was quite black, and hung in copious locks round the neck; their complexion was light olive, and in the case of these three the profile was not specially pronounced. Their expression was by no means unpleasant. The girl was on a somewhat large scale and rather Egyptian in face, putting me in mind of a bas-relief on a mummy coffin. Her dress resembled that of the men, but there was more of it. Her hair, which was quite black, was not long, and was tied up with a string behind in one place; her earrings were very curious—a couple of pieces of carved bamboo, thicker than a pencil and about an inch long, thrust through the ears, and holding suspended little strings of blue glass beads and flat bits of white ivory. As the sun was going down and the river had to be crossed once more, I took my departure, having arranged that the savages were to be brought in next day to the bartering-house by the river.



FORMOSA TYPES.

Early in the morning the first thing to be done was to purchase a pig; and the requisite samshu. Arrived at the rendezvous, I found not only my four friends of the previous evening, but eight more, to whose savage ears the rumor of roast pork had penetrated far in their mountain fastnesses, so that now I had a goodly show of twelve for inspection and comparison. The first thing that struck me was the great variety of type. One girl of about twenty-two was not only good-looking, but of dignified and graceful mien, olive-complexion, large and beautiful eyes, long eye-lashes, and a remarkably well-formed nose. On her head she wore a picturesque dark turban embroidered round the edge in red; her earrings were the same as the other girl's, but her general style was superior. The tattooing, strange to say, seems not to disfigure these natives—in fact, it rather adds piquancy than otherwise. The pattern is the same in all, and may be compared to a pale blue gauze band or ribbon, starting in front of the ears and passing down in a slope to the corners of the mouth, where it divides, half going over the top and meeting under the nose, and half passing under the lower lip and meeting on the chin. The tint is pale blue. The men do not have anything at the sides, but merely a narrow band down the centre of the forehead about half an inch wide, and consisting of horizontal lines close together. This is not worn until the individual has accompanied a party on a raid against the Chinese; and when he has himself killed a Chinaman and brought home his first head, a similar band is added to the chin. After we had spent some time in conversation I noticed the eyes of one of the chiefs kept wandering restlessly to the door, where the unfortunate pig was biding his time. Suddenly the savage arose, and, stalking out of the house, seized the pig, which was bound, and, dragging him along, swung him on to a couple of logs which were lying over a slight depression in the ground. The whole conclave of savages rushed out in a body and crowded round. Drawing the blade from his girdle (the savages all carry hideous, long knives), the chief delivered the fatal blow, coolly holding the pig by the nose the while. A fire was kindled in the hollow below, and after a few minutes, and without using any hot water, but merely rolling the carcase round and round, the chief proceeded with the next act of the drama. Cutting off the ears, he presented one to his brother chief and pocketed the other himself. Then the beautiful girl before mentioned with three other damsels, each stooping down, held a pig's foot, and as the chief with four dexterous strokes separated them from the shins, each young lady placed the treasure in her bosom! Over the subsequent dissection let us draw a veil.

A few days later found me once more in "Hawk-eye's" cottage preparing for the expedition.

"Hawk-eye" and the savages having loaded their matchlocks and lighted their fuses, I buckled on my trusty steel (a savage knife, nineteen inches long), shouldered my gun, and off we started from the midst of an admiring throng. First went the chief, I came next, then "Hawk-eye," then my servant, and the other savage brought up the rear.

I now for the first time stood in the forest primeval—a sight never to be forgotten. Wherever the eye wandered, trees of various forms and sizes, all in full foliage, seemed banked up against the mountain sides. In some places, such was the angle of the escarpment that it was evidently a precipice; yet not a trace of rock was visible.

* * * * *

After the long morning's race over stock and stone I was not sorry to sit down. The hut in which I found myself, and it was a fair sample of the rest, was of the rudest possible description. The doorway was so small that it was a task to get in; the walls were composed of the branches of trees stuck into the ground a few inches apart, the interstices being filled with bits of chopped wood; the roof was thatched with grass. Three sides were occupied by raised bamboo sleeping platforms, some fifteen inches above the ground; there were no windows. At one side was a slight depression in the ground, which served as a fireplace, logs of trees being laid over it, end to end, and constantly pushed farther in as they gradually consumed away. All the village crowded in—women, young girls, and children of all sizes; but the male savages, with the exception of those referred to, were all absent on a hunting expedition, having been gone several days. From the roof were suspended various requisites of the chase—bows, arrows, and deer skins—besides sundry articles of domestic use, all of the rudest kind.

Having had something to eat, I strolled out amongst the other huts, and everywhere was well received. What particularly struck me was the fearlessness of the women and girls and the frankness of the children, who were most interesting.

They came close up to me, examined my clothes with their large dark eyes, pulled my whiskers, and were never tired of looking at my watch. They are bright, and I should say intelligent, and incomparably more interesting than Chinese children — so simple, natural, and unsophisticated. All smoke, from the youngest to the oldest of both sexes.

A few yards along a path, a step to one side, and I stood before a scaffold of camphor branches on which reposed a grinning row of human skulls, the heads of Chinese slain in raids. But the day wore on, and the preparations for journeying back were made.

I have crossed Formosa thirty miles, with the thermometer 92 deg. in the shade; I have topped the Wut'ai-shan, ten thousand feet; and I have tramped the sands and lava-fields of Hainan under a tropical sun, thirty-five miles in a day; but let no one talk of walking till he has been through the forests of Formosa with the savages.

The impression left on my mind was a mixed and rather sad one. I had been amongst a people whose days are numbered—a people who showed various kind and amiable traits of character, but whose natural temperament, even were they disposed to work, seems unfitted for the systematic toils of civilized nations; whose ignorance and simplicity permit them to barter away their noblest forests for a mess of pottage; who are steeped in poverty and ignorance—the constant dupes of unscrupulous and mercenary neighbors; the victims of strong passions; without friends, without help, without sympathy—children of the present hour.—*From Good Words.*

HOW TO FIT UP A BOY'S WORKSHOP.

Every boy ought to know how to drive a nail and saw a board. Somewhere in connection with every well-ordered home there should be a workshop of some sort. An article could easily be written treating exclusively of the advantages accruing from even a slight dexterity in the use of a few tools, and it could easily be shown that these advantages are by no means confined to artisans, but that professional men and men of affairs find healthful exercise, pleasant diversion, and mental discipline "over the bench."

But omitting all that, we start now with the postulate that a boy ought to have a workshop, and the only question for present consideration is how it should be fitted up

As the chief purpose of a boy's workshop is rather to give the boy plenty of congenial work than for the sake of the work the boy will do, the more of the work of fitting up the shop that is left to the boy the better. We put four "works" in that sentence, and we are glad of it. Happiness depends almost wholly on occupation. Professor Albert Hopkins once gave as his idea of happiness, "right activity."

If a boy is going to make a collection of postage-stamps, and you want to spoil all his true pleasure, give him a patent album, a set of the catalogues of all the dealers in the world, a thousand dollars to spend, and a clerk to write his letters and classify and paste in his stamps.

If you want to spoil a boy's interest in trouting, buy him a thirty-dollar rod, a dozen well-stocked fly-books, and send him off on an expensive journey. The fellow that gets the most fun out of fishing is the one who gets up in the morning before the sun; digs a cinnamon-box full of worms behind the barn, cuts a little pole from that clump of delicate birches on the hillside, and tramps off mile after mile along the brook, using his pocket for a cracker-basket, and stringing his trout on a willow stick.

This has to do with the question of fitting up a boy's workshop. If you want to fix the boy so that he will never do any work, put him into a fine room and have a carpenter make for him an elaborate bench; give him a complete "kit" of tools, and let the carpenter make all the cases and devices necessary to keep them in.

The trouble with this method is that it takes all personality and all individual interest out of the work before you are ready to begin. Of course it saves you the trouble of lending yourself to your boy, and it is for you the easiest way, perhaps, to get the matter off your hands; but it is like a uniform use of cheques for Christmas presents.

The first requisite is a good room, well lighted, not too much exposed to heat in summer, and, if possible, capable of safe warming in winter.

Next, we must have a few tools;—and let them be of the best. They may be bought as a set in a chest; but it is much better to select them one by one with the friendly advice of some good workman. They may be thus selected and stowed into a chest specially made for them, and then presented to the boy who is to use them; but a much better way is to get the boy interested in their selection, and let him accompany you and the workman and assist in their purchase.

No father is so wealthy, so famous, or so busy that he can afford to delegate to any one else the larger share in the interests of his son. Affection is largely dependent on the sharing of common interests; and since the child is not able to understand his father's business, it becomes necessary for the father to keep himself always personally interested in the pleasures and small businesses of his child.

We must have a hammer. This tool needs careful selection, as do the more expensive cutting tools. Its weight must be adapted to the strength of the workman; it must have a well-shaped, straight-grained handle, firmly fastened to the head, which should be of good steel. I mention this as many have an idea that anything will do to pound with. For a combined pounder and cutter we shall need, of course, a hatchet.

Three saws will do to begin with. A cross-cut saw, which is one of the most important tools in the shop, and which requires much care in its selection and more in its use; a "rip" saw, used in sawing boards lengthwise, and a mitre saw, for making clean, narrow cuts. It will be well to add a fret-saw.

A brace and its accompanying bits will follow. Probably none larger than an inch will be needed; but it is good economy to have all the smaller sizes. Among the pet tools of the carpenter must be reckoned the chisel. There should be at least three of them having widths of an inch, half-inch and quarter-inch. A set of curved chisels or "gouges" should accompany them and, of course, a strong mallet. Both chisels and gouges should have handles fitting into sockets in the shafts of the cutting parts. For measuring and testing our work we will procure a two-foot rule, a square, try-square, gauge and a pair of dividers.

Three planes will answer the needs of our young workman. These are a "jack-plane," for the rougher work of rapidly reducing the surface of the wood; a smoothing plane, for finishing the work and for planing the ends of boards across the grain; and the "joiner," which is a long plane used for rendering the edges of the wood true, so that nice joints can be made.

Add to these tools a good supply of bradawls, a scratch-awl, a screw-driver, lead-pencil, and above all, a good knife, and we have enough to set up with.

As everything depends upon the care which the tools receive, and as the construction of a good box is not within the power of a tyro, it is well to procure a strong chest fitted with a few compartments to hold the outfit. The chest should be twice as large as seems at present necessary, that it may hold the new tools that will gradually be added.

The next thing in order is the bench. This the boy should be encouraged and assisted to construct for himself. We advise him to take much pains with it. His future comfort depends largely upon it.

Visit the shop of the best carpenter in your town and study the bench he has made for himself. Notice how he has selected well-seasoned stuff, "clear," straight-grained and well-dressed. Observe how firmly it is put together and braced, that it may stand all kinds of strains without becoming shaky. Be sure to make it of a height suited to your stature, a trifle too high for you if anything, as you are growing rapidly.

Give particular attention to the devices, at the left-hand end as you face it, for holding the end of a board to be planed; and also study carefully the attachment of the wooden vise or "bench-screw." The first test of your ingenuity will be found in the way this bench-screw operates after you get it attached to your new bench. If it opens in response to the revolving handle with a smooth, steady motion, and then at your pleasure closes upon your board with a calm but unrelenting grip, you may toss up your cap and cry "Victory!"

The first one I set up didn't work that way, but opened in an uncertain, haggling manner, like an obdurate bureau-drawer, and when it was screwed up as tight as possible had a way of suddenly relaxing its hold and letting the board down at the most inconvenient moment. This screw I did not include in the list of tools proper, but it is almost as necessary as any of them, as also are a grindstone and an oil-stone for sharpening your steel, and a large tough block on which to rest whatever you wish to dress with the hatchet.

I have intentionally omitted the turning-lathe and the foot-power scroll-saw, believing that they belong, if anywhere, to a later stage in the young workman's career. Space is lacking at this time to give detailed directions for making such simple articles as are suited to a beginner's capacity, but, as a rule, it is better to begin by repairing broken articles than by attempting to make new ones; and after a little insight into methods of construction has thus been acquired, it is best to make articles of use about the house, rather than the merely ornamental knick-knackery.—*Harlan H. Ballard in Youth's Companion.*

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.—MATT. 19. 14.

UNCONVENTIONAL SELFISHNESS.

We often hear tirades against the conventionalism of the day, as though it were responsible for none of the virtues and most of the vices of humanity, and yet there is something to be said on the other side. There is a rude, selfish unconventionalism which is quite as reprehensible, but is seldom exposed. The young swell in his glossy beaver and patent leathers is held up to ridicule because he is ashamed of his plain old father, but the plain old father may be quite as selfish and unfeeling, in his way, if he wears a shockingly bad hat and a greasy coat that is out at the elbows, simply because he does not care for public opinion and does not trouble himself whether any one else cares or not, or, perchance, because he is willing to humiliate the afore-mentioned disciple of Oscar Wilde. The unconventional man may consider it a very foolish custom which prescribes that, in good society, a man should eat with his fork rather than with his knife, and while he is by himself he has a right to indulge his partiality for the sharp edge of the knife, if he chooses; but when he is with his friends who differ from him and who will be mortified and made ashamed when he uses his table-cutlery in this fashion, courtesy should lead him to conform to conventional usages. Together with unconventional customs usually goes unconventional speech, and many of these people who are gifted with sharp tongues are also gifted with rhinoceros hides. They are so callous themselves that they cannot conceive of other people being thin-skinned, and they shoot off their missiles right and left, and wonder that any one is offended thereat. If they alone could bear the brunt of their untimely words, little harm would perhaps be done, but wife or husband or brother or child must mourn the imprudent speech and blush for the blundering speech-maker. Most of the people who offend against what they deem the trivial conventionalities of life are, we believe, good-hearted and honest. They only need to be shown that their indifference to public opinion brings real grief to some one else, and that no one can brave it out alone, and they would be more careful. Tolstoi can hang up a rake on his parlor wall, and wear muddy cow-hides into the parlor and rest them on velvet furniture, for anything can be forgiven to superior genius; but your cowhides and mine, dear reader, if worn in the parlor, will not only muddy the carpet, but what is still worse, will hurt the feelings of some of our dearest friends, and this we cannot afford to do.—*Golden Rule.*

BENEATH HIM.

"I would starve first!"

"Then starve!"

Uncle Adoniram Barney, as he was called by all who knew him, had been having a serious conversation with his nephew Charles. Charles had lost his temper entirely, and Uncle Adoniram had at last reached the utmost limits of forbearance. The question under discussion was the advisability of the young man's seeking some occupation in which he would be sure to earn his living.

Charles was twenty-one, and his uncle up to this time had assisted him in every possible manner, but, strangely enough, though possessed of a fine intellect, carefully cultivated, he had done nothing to earn his own living. He had been unwilling to study for a profession, and at this time had small prospect of obtaining a situation, and smaller prospect of keeping a position if he found one.

"If I could only find where I belong," Charles began again. He had cooled down a little, and was disposed to argue the point a trifle further. "I can never make a good clerk or book-keeper, and you know as well as I do that I am utterly lacking in mechanical ability."

"And the worst of all is, Charles, you are utterly lacking in the quality of application," Uncle Adoniram replied. "You talk about your lacks as if they were something to be proud of. If you have got fair common sense and a fair education you can make a good clerk or a good book-keeper, and you could learn a trade if you wanted to. It is all bosh, every bit of it, and now that you have come to man's estate you ought to be ashamed of such childish balderdash. I have given you the best advice I could under the circumstances, and whether you follow it or not is your own affair."

"Decidedly," said Charles, rising in a white heat. "I always supposed you cared something about me; but when a fellow's only relative, and that relative a rich man, advises him to look out for a situation as car-conductor, there can certainly be but one opinion about it."

"You are right, Charles," said Uncle Adoniram, "there can be but one opinion. I decline, for your own good, to go on supporting you: and taking into consideration your constant failures to support yourself, I advise you to try for a car-conductor's position. You will learn to be accurate and attentive. You will know what it is to work for your bread; and this in my opinion, you need to know more than anything else."

"Then you don't care for the humiliation, the social ostracism, that will be the inevitable results of such an occupation?" the young man inquired as he nervously turned the knob of the door he had just opened.

"Not a red cent!" Uncle Adoniram replied. "If a man is going to be cut by his friends for earning, in the only way that is open to him, an independent living, then social ostracism is the healthiest thing I can think of. The only thing that should humiliate an able-bodied man is dependence upon others. You have become so accustomed, Charles, to being looked out for, that the alternative seems very undesirable to you."

This was "putting it hard," as Uncle Adoniram told himself afterwards; but the case was desperate and heroic treatment the only kind that would answer. "Your charity shall not be further trespassed upon," was the proud answer. "If I ever take a relative to bring up, Uncle Adoniram, I will be still more generous, and refrain from twitting him with how much he has cost me. Here is the money you gave me yesterday, and which I was mean enough to take," and the young man emptied the financial contents of his pockets on his uncle's desk. "Since you have turned me out of doors, sir, I prefer to go penniless. Good morning."

Uncle Adoniram was on the point of calling his nephew back, but thought better of it and sat perfectly quiet as the angry man slammed the door and walked down the street.

"There was a good deal of temper about that last performance," said Uncle Adoniram, "but there was some honest pride as well. I don't just see how the boy is going to get along without money; but I suppose he won't starve as long as his watch lasts."

The old man was right. Charles pawned the watch which had been left him by his father, and then searched diligently for a job. He left nothing undone to secure what he considered a suitable situation, but his efforts were useless. There was a call for mechanics, and employment enough for professional men, but for him there was absolutely nothing.

There were a hundred clerks and book-keepers to one situation, a gentleman to whom he applied told him, and with a touch of pity for the evident discouragement of his applicant asked him a few sensible questions.

"Now, if you understood stenography," he said after a careful catechism, "I could show you some court work which would be very remunerative."

Charles shook his head. His experiences were beginning to make him feel very small.

"I should be glad to help you," the gentleman went on kindly, "but I really don't see any way to do it. I know of a position you could have at once as car-conductor, but—"

The young man's face was ablaze, and his eyes looked as if they would strike fire. "But what?" he asked, as his companion did not finish the sentence.

"If you were a relative of mine," the gentleman replied, "and had tried for other positions and failed as you tell me you have, I should say, put your pride in your pocket and buckle to it. I should tell you also to make use of every spare moment, and study stenography as if your life depended upon it."

"But when a man once takes such a position,"—Charles began in feeble remonstrance, his face still scarlet.

"He is always obliged to keep it, you were going to say," the gentleman interrupted. "That is stuff and nonsense. If you have the right pluck and ambition, and application, you can make your job a temporary affair, a bridge across a stream; and if you are above accepting such a position, or too indolent and unambitious to work into something better if you do accept it, then you are not worth saving;" and with this the gentleman turned away.

Charles had twenty-five cents of the watch money left in his pocket. This was the sum total of his earthly possessions. The way in which this gentleman looked upon the pride which made him hesitate about accepting the position of car-conductor seemed the expression of all business men from his uncle to the present one.

"Well, what do you say?" the gentleman inquired, returning a moment to speak to him.

"If you will show me how to secure the situation you spoke of," Charles replied, with a lip which would quiver a little in spite of all he could do, "I will go immediately and see about it."

"Good for you!" said his companion. "I will go with you," and the rich merchant passed his arm through that of his struggling, poverty stricken companion, and in this way they sought the office of the great railway company. A few brief words and the ugly business was settled. The young man would take his place the next morning at six o'clock, with a small but sufficient salary.

"I have the best works on short-hand," the gentleman told Charles as they were about to part; "and if you will step round to the house with me I should be happy to lend you the books. My daughter studied stenography for fun. It took her one year to learn the system, by studying a little every day. You ought to be able to beat a girl at the business."

Charles smiled. Application? That was what his uncle said he needed more than any other quality. Should he take this man's books, and promise him to spend his spare time in the study of stenography? How strangely his affairs were being taken out of his hands. The young man had always believed that the great business of the universe was taken care of, but this was the first time he had ever felt that his small affairs were in any way managed or directed. Now it seemed to him as if his ways were in some incomprehensible manner being ordered.

Of course, there was neither generosity nor justice in the matter, and everything was all wrong; still some power outside of himself was responsible, and he wondered, as he looked over the strange characters that evening in the book his new friend had lent him, which straggling mark his life was like. They all meant something, that was one comfort,—some letters, some phrases; but the zigzag character which stood for him would doubtless be the one of smallest account. It might be an interrogation point, he thought; surely no one asked more questions or received less answers.

He had had one meal that day. His remaining twenty-five cents must be saved for breakfast the next morning. How he was to manage for a full week without any money was a physical and mathematical problem which he was not equal to.

"Sufficient unto the day," and "Think not of the morrow," were the last words on his lips before going to sleep; and they were repeated with so much reverence, and such evident desire to get hold of the faith which was dimly dawning upon him, that his good angel must have felt comforted.

Promptly at six the next morning the young man took his place on his car. The first thing to do was to sweep it out. Charles Barney had never handled a broom in his life, but he gave his mind to the work, and succeeded in appearing much less awkward than he felt. There was a good deal to learn, indeed much more than he supposed, but he listened to the numerous instructions with attention, and his new work commenced.

It was not quite as dreadful as he had supposed. Still it was distasteful enough, and the poor fellow wondered if he should ever get used to it. At noon, on his return to the car-station, he found a letter from his new friend, with an enclosure of five dollars.

"I had an impression," it said, "that you were entirely out of money. I tried once when I was about your age to live without eating. It didn't work. I am sure it won't in your case. Come in and see me some time when you have leisure. Keep up your courage, and stick to your stenography."

The first thought that went through the young man's mind as he read and re-read this kind letter was that this rich merchant didn't feel himself above associating with a car-conductor. To do him justice he recognized that this was a very mean consideration. Then he wondered how long it would be before he could return the money, and concluded he could do it in two weeks. Then and not till then would he call on the gentleman.

Only an hour could be given to study in the first twenty-four hours of his new life; but this time was a refreshment instead of a drag, and when he put away his book for the sleep he must have, it was with reluctance.

He had been employed about two months when one morning Uncle Adoniram stepped on his car. His first impulse was to pull his hat down over his eyes and avoid recognition if possible, but Charles Barney was learning manliness as well as application and he immediately thought better of it. The old man did not look up when his nephew gave him his change; but Charles said softly, "Good morning, uncle," and then he sprang to his feet.

"Charles!" he exclaimed, grasping the conductor's hand. "Charles, my boy, how do you do?"

There was abundant love and heartiness in Uncle Adoniram's voice and manner, and there was something more that was new to Charles. He knew now that for the first time his uncle really respected him, and out of this a stronger courage was born.

"I have been very lonely without you," the old man said, as he stood on the back platform with his nephew; "and I have been worried about you, too. Why have you not been home, Charles?"

"Because I wanted to see if I was really going to keep my position," the young man answered; "and because, uncle, I wanted to rid myself of all feeling of humiliation before I saw you again."

"Where do you stand in the matter now?" Uncle Adoniram inquired, as he brushed a tear from his cheek.

"Almost on my feet," Charles replied.

"Are you looking for anything else, my boy?"

"I am studying stenography with all my might, uncle, and am getting along finely. By-and-by I shall have mastered it, and then I can always find employment."

"Your discipline has made a man of you, Charles!" said his uncle. "I knew it would. Don't stay away from the old man, my boy. God bless and keep you."

The young man went home the next day, for he felt that his uncle needed him; but he still kept his position as car-conductor, and studied every spare moment. His uncle read to him, and laughed at the strange characters he so deftly put on paper, and in this manner a year went by. Then Charles Barney found more congenial employment, helped to it by the merchant who had been his steadfast friend. He had served an invaluable apprenticeship to the inexorable taskmaster, Necessity, and had been an apt scholar, not only learning dispatch and application, but finding out that a true man can ennoble the lowliest labor.—*Eleanor Kirk.*

A BOY SHOULD LEARN

To build a fire scientifically;
To fill the woodbox every night;
To shut doors in summer to keep flies out;
To shut doors without slamming;
To shut them in winter to keep the cold out;
To do errands promptly and cheerfully;
To get ready to go away without requiring the united help of mother and sisters;
To be gentle to his little sister;
To wash dishes and to make his own bed when necessary;
To sew on a button and darn a stocking;
To be kind to all animals;
To have a dog if possible, and make a companion of him;
To ride, shoot, and swim.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT.

THE NEW PRAYER-MEETING—SYSTEMATIC COMMITTEE WORK—SOCIOLOGY AS IMPORTANT AS THEOLOGY.

The key-note of this whole Convention was:—"It is not the business of the church to amuse its young people but to train them in Christian work." The greater part of one morning's session was devoted to addresses bearing upon this subject. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman in explaining the movement expressed his belief that it was the answer sent by God to the question that has rested like a burden on the heart of many an anxious pastor, "How shall I reach and hold and train my young people?" It was also the solution of one of the gravest problems before the Church of Christ, for if the young people of this generation be trained in the principles of Christian endeavor, through them would the masses be reached and won. The Christian Endeavorer was everywhere pledged to duty. Duty was the one stimulant that never failed and never intoxicated. The path of duty was like the roads of the south, hedged on either side with perpetual bloom, but woe to the man who turned to one side or the other, he would be lacerated by a thousand piercing thorns and bruised by concealed and hitherto undreamed-of dangers.

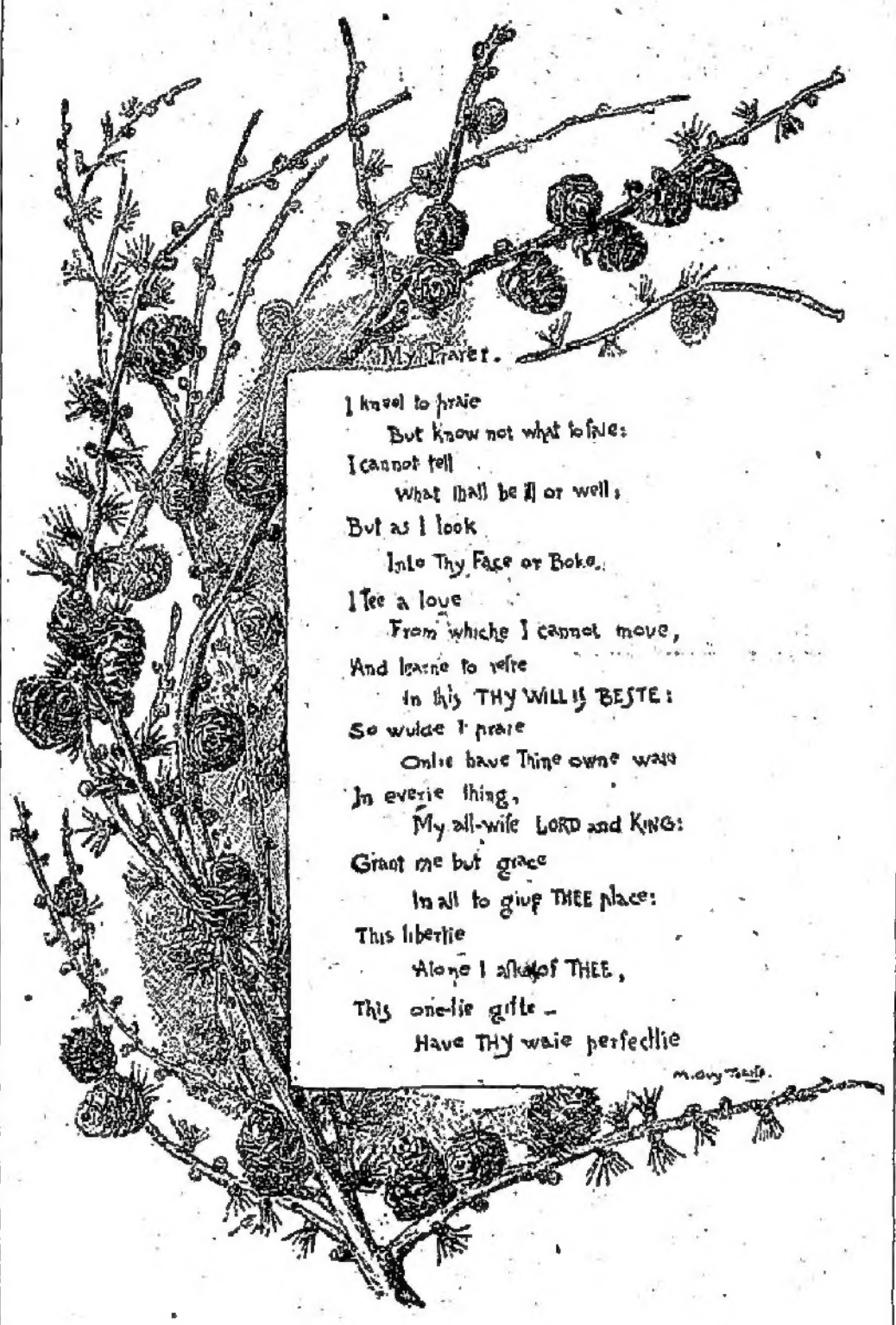
There are five separate duties laid upon each member of the Christian Endeavor Society. First to obey the command of Christ and let their light so shine that by their consecration and zeal they should constrain others to come to him. Second, their own particular church must be before all others in their thoughts and care. Any influence, however good in itself, that draws away from them strength which should be spent in furthering the Kingdom of Christ in connection with the special church to which they were pledged is not born of Christian endeavor. Third, they must aid their pastor in his work. The object of this society is to make incarnate, to put into practice the pulpit's message of truth. It is to be on the lookout for souls that during the service have been touched by the truth, and lead them, by the help of God, into the clearer light of Christ. The fourth duty is to cultivate the talent of speech and prayer in public. Who that has travelled much in the round of prayer meetings, has not been impressed with the great need of such training. A man not far from the Hudson river had been heard to pray again and again with the greatest fervor, "O Lord, help us to grow up like calves in the stall and become meet for the Kingdom of Heaven." Fifth, and perhaps more important of all because including all is loyalty to the pledge—the iron-clad pledge. It is the strength of Christian character and the life of the society. A society, the members of which do not live and act up to this pledge, is not a Christian endeavor society at all. It is like a man with no backbone. It had been urged by many that insisting on such strict observance would kill the cause, but to this fear he would reply as the old negro preacher did when told he would kill the church if he begged for money every Sunday: "Then, brethren, I will keep right on for it is written 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord'." The pledge is nothing more than what every church member promises, a pledge to the service of Christ. Think of what he has done for us and consider if the pledge increased a thousand fold would be too much for us to give in return.

Dr. Deems, of New York, followed in an address on loyalty to the church. The motto of every young person on joining the church should be "I will not go one inch beyond its borders until I have done all I can do in it."

Dr. Chamberlain, of Brooklyn, laid the most solemn emphasis on loyalty to the incarnate Christ as the corner and top stone of the movement. Other religions had exalted faulty men but having thus sown the wind of folly they had reaped the whirlwind of degradation.

The committee meetings in which I was especially interested were the "Lookout" and "Prayer Meeting Methods" committees. "Lookout Committee," said one speaker, "Lookout. Dwell always upon Lookout Mountain, for there is many a battle to be fought. Don't be afraid of the enemy, for he is just as much afraid of you as you are of him. Be as a five-fold watch upon ship-board. Look out aloft and direct your course from above. Look out below to keep out of shallows. Stand as mariners at the gangway and see that none but those who have a right come aboard. Here is one great cause of failure. Admission is made too easy. Not every church member may be admitted to membership in the Christian Endeavor Society, but only those who will take the iron-clad pledge and stand by it. Fifth, look out and see that everything in the society is kept in ship-shape.

The Lookout Committee should have its work systematized. Each member should have a printed list of the members of the society and in each meeting quietly mark each one who does or does not take part. Each member of the committee should also have at least one person to look after and report to the committee upon. They should report to their pastor at least once a month. The first duty of the Lookout Committee is consecrated individual character and spotless reputation before the world.


My Prayer.
I kneel to praie
But know not what to saie:
I cannot tell
What shall be ill or well;
But as I look
Into Thy Face or Boke,
I see a love
From whiche I cannot move,
And learne to serve
In this THY WILL IS BESTE:
So wulde I praie
Onlie have Thine owne waie
In everie thing,
My all-wise LORD and KING:
Grant me but grace
In all to give THEE place:
This libertie
Alone I aske of THEE,
This one-lie gifte—
Have THY waie perfectlie

In the committee meeting on prayer meeting methods, it was urged not to be afraid of too much music, to remember that a prayer meeting was not a funeral and choose the hymns accordingly. The feeling was especially strong against long prayers, and much sympathy expressed with the man who prayed "O Lord, how long wilt thou endure this persecution of thy people, send an angel to shut their mouths." The average long prayer was an insult to God. The leader was urged to hold a tight rein and strive to draw forth some expression from every one present. The chief difficulty was not in getting the leader to prepare for the meetings but in getting each individual member to prepare for it. The leaders need not be all first quality for this was the training school of the church. One of the most telling of all the very practical addresses was one by the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., of Philadelphia, on "The new prayer-meeting." The secret of the success of the new prayer meeting, he said, was that it was but a return to the old Biblical prayer meeting of the New Testament. In the average prayer meeting there was always too much desk and too little people. But that old prayer meeting had several elements of success. First, it was an attended meeting. They were all with one accord in one place. Peter was not absent because it was hot, nor James because it was a little too cool, nor Bartholomew because it was too wet. Mary did not stay away because her veil was out of style, nor Salome because she was due at a party elsewhere, nor James the Less because Peter was taking too much on himself. Whether any one else is there or not the Christian Endeavorer is bound to be there for he studies not his convenience but his duty. Then this new, old prayer-meeting was a meeting of prevailing prayer because it was a meeting of according prayer, a meeting where promises were pleaded. And last of all the miserable padlock of silence on the lips of women had been forever thrown away and they spake with one accord with their brethren.

The importance of hand-shaking was dwelt upon in an address by the Rev. C. H. Farrar, D.D., of Albany, who put in a strong plea for the social element in church life. The church was not made for the ideal man but for man as he is and before long Christians would come to realize that the study of sociology was as important as theology. There was danger of laying too much stress upon organization and so losing sight of personal effort.

Miss Wheeler, of Harpoot, interpreted St. Paul's injunction to women by taking her audience in imagination out to the very country to whose women he spoke, and showed how the society there differed from that here. "We are poor and weak," she said, "but God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and I am glad I am a woman so that Christ may use me. Shall not we who are taught teach one another. In our Father's family shall we not tell what he has done for us?

Dr. Pierson, who is known to many in Montreal, expressed himself as much pleased to hear of 500,000 young people committed to Christian endeavor, for in his life-time he had known at least 5,000,000 committed to Christian laziness. It was within the power of the present generation, if they would, to win the whole world for Christ, who had been waiting for nineteen centuries with a sluggish, indifferent church to see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

The closing consecration meeting was one never to be forgotten. After a hymn and a moment of silent prayer testimonies of devotion or renewed personal consecration to Christ came thick and fast from all quarters of the vast assembly, and to all appearance, had time served would have continued for hours.

Of all the thoughts expressed during the whole Convention, perhaps the most important was that urged by the Rev. Geo. Wells, D.D., of Montreal, the vital necessity of daily, close study of the Bible. This was the Christian's only weapon of attack, and only by constant study would he be fitted to use it. And knowing this he must not be anxious to take up any other. Some people nowadays expected the Christian to be a walking arsenal; they thought he must be learned in all wisdom and science of the ancient and modern schools, but a full knowledge of the Bible was sufficient. Other weapons were too often nothing but an encumbrance.

The next meeting of the Convention is to be held in St. Louis, Mo. C. R.

Montreal.

DUTY be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

—*From the German.*

VIRTUES confessed by foes, and vices by friends, are commonly true.

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy					$ 0 30
10 copies to one address					2 25
20	"	"	"		4 40
50	"	"	"		10 50
100	"	"	"		20 00

Sample package supplied free on application

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 a year, post-paid. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

UNION HAND-BILLS,

Published by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Price $1.30 per thousand, including postage.

FOUR-PAGE TRACTS,

Published by the National Temperance Society, $3 per thousand.

CHILDREN'S ILLUSTRATED TRACTS,

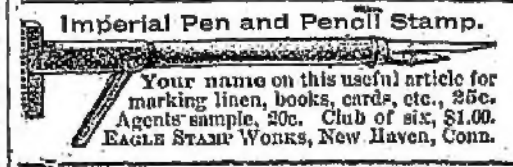
Published by the National Temperance Society, $2.00 per thousand.

UNION LEAFLETS,

Published for the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, 2,000 pages for $1.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

Imperial Pen and Pencil Stamp.



Your name on this useful article for marking linen, books, cards, etc., 25c. Agents' sample, 20c. Club of six, $1.00. EAGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Conn.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Witness.'"